Richard Joseph Welch

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM
CALIFORNIA

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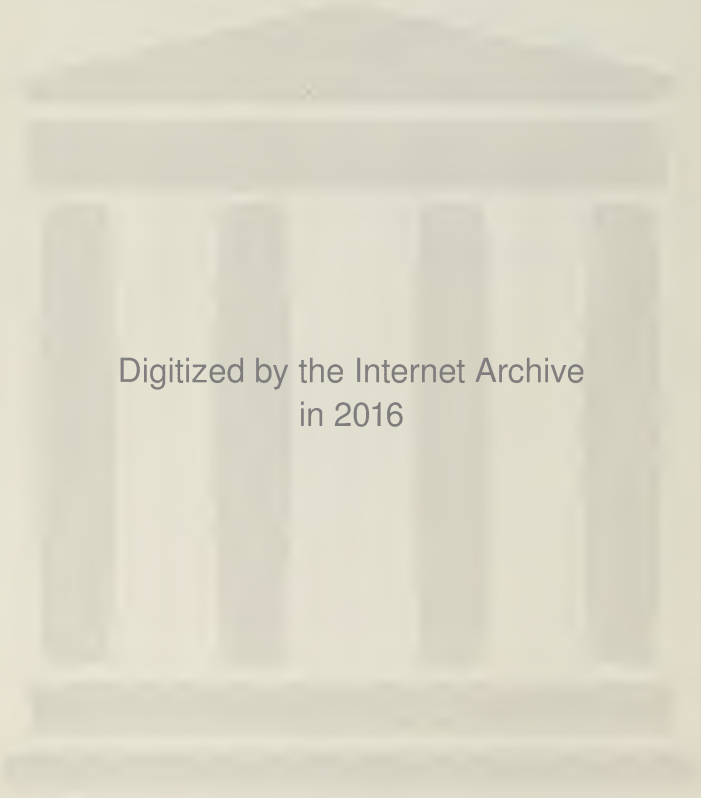
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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Richard Joseph Welch

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM
CALIFORNIA

U.S.
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Eighty-first Congress
Second Session

UNITED STATES
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Biography

RICHARD JOSEPH WELCH was born in Monroe County, N. Y., February 13, 1869; educated in the public schools; moved to California in early boyhood and settled in San Francisco; served in the State senate 1901–13; harbor master for the port of San Francisco 1903–7; supervisor of the city and county of San Francisco from 1916 until September 30, 1926, when he resigned, having been elected to Congress; elected as a Republican to the Sixty-ninth Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Lawrence J. Flaherty; re-elected to the Seventieth and to the 11 succeeding Congresses, and served from August 31, 1926, until his death in a hospital in Needles, Calif., on September 10, 1949; interment in Holy Cross Cemetery, San Francisco, Calif.

In the House of Representatives

TUESDAY, *March 28, 1950.*

Mr. REGAN. Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution (H. Res. 521) and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 17th day of May 1950, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand in recess for the purpose of holding memorial services as arranged by the Committee on House Administration under the provisions of clause (1) (j) (2) (C) of rule XI of the Rules of the House of Representatives. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD on the life, character, and public service of deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings, the Speaker shall call the House to order and then as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Eighty-first Congress
Second Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 12)
United States Air Force Symphony Orchestra

Presiding officer.....The Speaker, Hon. Sam Rayburn

Invocation.....The Chaplain, Rev. Bernard Braskamp, D. D.

A cappella Emmette Spiritum (Schuetky), Lord's Prayer (Malott)
USAF Band Glee Club

Scripture reading and prayer.....The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members.The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Address.....Hon. Brooks Hays
Representative from the State of Arkansas

Solo: Bless This House (Brahe), Recessional (De Koven)
Master Sgt. Glenn Darwin, USAF

Address.....Hon. John Davis Lodge
Representative from the State of Connecticut

Taps.....Master Sgt. Arthur Will

Echo.....Staff Sgt. Carl Costenbader

Benediction .....The Chaplain

Richard Joseph Welch

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *May 17, 1950.*

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives (Mr. Rayburn) presided.

The Chaplain, Rev. Bernard Braskamp, D. D.:

Almighty God, in the life of each of us there are times when all our feelings seem to impose silence.

Grant that in this hour of sacred memory we may enter into a blessed communion with Thy Spirit, and the spirit of all upon whom Thou hast bestowed the glorious benediction, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Hear us for the sake of the Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

The United States Air Force Band Glee Club sang a cappella Emmette Spiritum (Schuetky) and Lord's Prayer (Malott).

The CHAPLAIN. The Scripture readings are taken from the Old and New Testaments.

Psalm 85:

I will hear what God the Lord will say, for He will speak peace unto His people and to His saints.

Psalm 90:

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Then from the New Testament these gracious words which were spoken by our blessed Lord:

John 14:

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also.

Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

In St. Paul's great chapter on the resurrection, the fifteenth of First Corinthians, we find these words:

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

May God add His blessing to these readings from His holy word.

The closing verses from the poem entitled "Victory," by Alfred Noyes:

"There's but one gift that all our dead desire,
One gift that men can give, and that's a dream,
Unless we, too, can burn with that same fire
Of sacrifice: die to the things that seem;
"Die to the little hatreds; die to greed;
Die to the old ignoble selves we knew;
Die to the base contempts of sect and creed,
And rise again, like these, with souls as true.
"Nay (since these died before their task was finished)
Attempt new heights, bring even their dreams to birth—
Build us that better world, Oh, not diminished
By one true splendor that they planned on earth.
"And that's not done by sword, or tongue, or pen,
There's but one way. God make us better men."

Let us pray.

Most merciful and gracious God, the God of our fathers and of their succeeding generations, through Thy holy word Thou has spoken and in our hearts Thy voice is heard.

Thou art the author and disposer of human life, from whom our spirits have come and unto whom they return.

We thank Thee for Thy servants who walked and worked with us for a little while upon this earth and who now are with Thee in heavenly blessedness, having received, as the reward of their faith and their fidelity, the salvation of their souls.

We rejoice that whatever was noble and beautiful in their life, in Thy sight and in our sight, abides forever. We bless Thee for the glorious testimony that they sought to serve their generation according to Thy holy will and were numbered among those who do justly, who love mercy, and who walk humbly with the Lord. We have not said "farewell" but only "good night," hoping on some blessed morn to

meet and dwell with them in hallowed union in that land whose language is music and where joys are unceasing.

Grant unto the sorrowing and the lonely the consolation of Thy grace. May they yield themselves without murmur or complaint to the dispensations of Thy providence for Thou dost give and Thou dost take away, and blessed is Thy name forevermore. Help them to lay hold of the peace and the eternal companionship of the Christ.

We pray that Thou will continue to bless our Nation. We are not asking Thee to deal with us in any preferential manner. May we be a people whose God is the Lord.

May we be loyal partners with all who are laboring to build the kingdom of justice and righteousness, the social order in which there shall be peace and good will among men. Enable us to carry on in faith, in faithfulness, and in the fear of the Lord as we daily meet the problems and tasks which challenge the consecration of our noblest manhood and womanhood.

In Christ's name we pray. Amen.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House of Representatives, read the following roll:

BERT HENRY MILLER, a Senator from the State of Idaho: Born December 15, 1879; lawyer; graduate Brigham Young University 1901 and Cumberland University Law School; prosecuting attorney of Fremont County, Idaho, 1912–14; elected attorney general of Idaho 1934, reelected 1936; regional attorney, Fair Labor Standards Act, Seattle, Wash., region; elected justice of Idaho Supreme Court 1944; elected to the United States Senate 1948; died October 8, 1949.

CLYDE MARTIN REED, a Senator from the State of Kansas: Born October 19, 1871; teacher, mail clerk, editor and publisher; secretary to the Governor of Kansas in 1919; appointed member Kansas Court of Industrial Relations 1920; chairman of the Kansas Public Utilities Commission 1921–24; Governor of Kansas 1929–31; elected to the United States Senate 1938, reelected 1944; died November 8, 1949.

RICHARD JOSEPH WELCH, Fifth Congressional District of California: Born February 13, 1869; machinist; State senator 1901–13; harbor master, port of San Francisco, 1903–07; supervisor city and county of San Francisco, 1916–26; member of the Seventieth to the Eighty-first Congresses, inclusive (12 successive Congresses); died September 10, 1949.

GEORGE JOSEPH BATES, Sixth Congressional District of Massachusetts: Born February 25, 1891; member State house of representatives, 1918–24; mayor of Salem, 1924–37; Member of the Seventy-fifth and six succeeding Congresses; died November 1, 1949.

MARTIN GORSKI, Fifth Congressional District of Illinois: Born October 30, 1886; lawyer; graduate Chicago Law School, 1917; assistant State's attorney, Cook County, 1918–20; master in chancery, superior court, Cook County, 1929–42; Member of the Seventy-eighth to the Eighty-first Congresses, inclusive; died December 4, 1949.

SCHUYLER OTIS BLAND, First Congressional District of Virginia: Born May 4, 1872; teacher; lawyer; attended Gloucester Academy and William and Mary College; president of the Chamber of Commerce of Newport News, and vice president, Virginia State Bar Association; Member of the Sixty-fifth to the Eighty-first Congresses, inclusive (17 consecutive Congresses); died February 16, 1950.

RALPH EDWIN CHURCH, Thirteenth Congressional District of Illinois: Born May 5, 1883; lawyer; graduate University of Michigan, 1907, and Northwestern University, 1909; member State house of representatives, 1916–32; lieutenant commander, United States Naval Reserve, 1938–41; delegate, Interparliamentary Conference, Oslo, Norway, 1939; Member, Seventy-fourth to the Seventy-sixth and Seventy-eighth to the Eighty-first Congresses; died March 21, 1950.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

There followed a period of devotional silence, during which the Members stood.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Arkansas [Mr. Hays].

Hon. BROOKS HAYS, a Representative from the State of Arkansas, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. BROOKS HAYS

Mr. HAYS of Arkansas. Mr. Speaker this is one of the occasions when it is appropriate to speak of the unity the House of Representatives cherishes. We wish to accentuate our common creed, to contemplate the common experience of death and our common faith which triumphs over it.

The story of a man's life is never told in the offices he holds, or the honors he receives. It is only inadequately related in the things he does. It is only as we come in close contact with our fellow men and by the kind of intimate associations treasured here, learn to know what a man believes, that we really come to understand and appreciate him. By these associations we learned something of the loyalties and convictions of our departed colleagues and today we make a record of our appraisal of their indefinable qualities of soul which found expression here. Now we assume the rather difficult role of honoring them, difficult because we touch a very tender theme and a delicate one, but it is altogether proper for us to rejoice in honoring them.

I think one would have to endure some of the hard tests of service here to understand the depth of our affection and admiration for them. If one sees only the surface, he might mistake our disputes for distrust. One would have to know something of these experiences that exhibit a sharp clash of opinion to understand that underneath are abiding friendships and mutual confidence.

It was not my privilege to know either of the Senators, either Senator REED or Senator MILLER, but as I read the eulogies that were paid to them I could understand some-

thing of the sense of grief that pervaded the ranks of the Senate when they passed on.

I read of Senator REED, of Kansas, for example, that he was "a great legislator, a great pioneer, a great American." And then there was an interesting line, "the most colorful warrior that his State had produced in the battle of his day."

I read of Senator MILLER, of Idaho, that "his life was a shining example of unselfish service to his fellow man," and that "he was a noble person."

I was in the Chamber of the House on most of the occasions when the passing of our five Members was announced. Their closest friends stood and rendered honest tribute. I have reflected upon those things that were said of them. I was impressed, too, by the characterizations that were used with reference to all of them. That is, each of them was "fearless, honest, able, persevering, conscientious, generous, strong, and kind."

Then there are the special observations about each life and career. Some of the finest eulogies put into the Record are from those who had not been associated with them here, but were evidently based upon a close study of their public service. There was that interesting comment of Archbishop Cushing, of Boston, for example, upon the life of GEORGE J. BATES, of Massachusetts, "More men knew the merits of the man than knew the man himself." Since each of the Members represented close to a third of a million people and were known outside their districts in many areas for distinguished public service, it might well have been said of them all.

It was said of GEORGE BATES in addition, "He was a man of expansive human sympathy; completely devoted to the public welfare; truly a great American."

Of RICHARD J. WELCH, of California—and these were the words of the majority leader, Mr. McCormack, who sat on the opposite side of the aisle, that "he was an ideal gentleman, a perfect legislator."

Of MARTIN GORSKI, of Illinois, that he was "a man of high principles, an unassuming friend, an effective public servant."

Of SCHUYLER OTIS BLAND, of Virginia, that he was "modest, scholarly, and tolerant," and the words of the Speaker of the House, Mr. Rayburn, "he was one of the greatest souls that it has ever been my privilege to know."

Of my friend RALPH CHURCH: "Earnest, sincere; he built his career upon conviction"; and that in his service of community, State, and Nation, "he conformed to the standards of a Christian." These short biographies tell us a lot about the men of whom they were spoken. They relate to what each believed and what each did in consonance with that belief. These testimonies reflected the life of faith, and as Thomas Carlyle said, "A man's faith, or his lack of it, is the most considerable part of him."

So, Mr. Speaker, here we have exemplified the elements of faith. These men all believed in something, and it bears out the point that I think I made in the beginning, they had convictions. It is always difficult to speak of religion without being obstrusive or being misunderstood, yet I think the people of the Nation would like to know that their Representatives find time in which to do it appropriately, and they would certainly wish us to honor these men in their faith and religious ideals.

The total service of the seven was slightly in excess of a hundred years, their legislative achievements were enormous. As long as the Republic shall stand, perhaps, the impact of their minds will be felt in our legislative policy. Yet, Mr. Speaker, a man does not live in his craftsmanship. I do not disparage it, but a legislative monument is insecure and impermanent, for laws are changed, and the policies that we all help devise, so valuable at the hour, will be altered.

Neither can a man live in the sustained recognition of his family. As a parent and grandparent, I have that normal pride in my own family. I would like to think that 400 years

from now my name will be perpetuated, but I am impressed by this thought, if four centuries later someone should bear my name, 2,047 other people—and this is an unalterable biologic principle—would have contributed as much to his heritage as I.

No, even though this is a noble impulse and worthy, a man cannot live by pride of family alone, any more than he can live in legislative glory.

Neither can a man live in the physical things that he helps to create. Every one of us in our travels over the country is impressed with the fact that communities constantly seek to honor their Representatives in the Congress.

I was in Syracuse the other day, and I saw the very handsome memorial to our friend, Clarence Hancock. I think that is typical.

A man cannot live in the bridges and buildings or dams or airports or highways that he helps to build. RICHARD WELCH, for example, is identified with the Golden Gate Bridge. But considering the ephemeral nature of life itself, some day that great structure may be destroyed. Its superstructure may lie beneath the restless waters of the sea because a more ingenious people will replace it with something that better fits their times.

A man must live in something else. He may surely live in attachment to immortal principles. What I would like to say out of the depth of my great appreciation for these men is that by attaching themselves to things that are infinite and eternal they knew one phase of immortality. The older I grow the more convinced I am of the necessity for interpreting, for example, the ideal of justice. It is not abstract at all. It has reality for all men eventually in some human experience. This delicate and important instrument which the people commit to us their lawmakers is to be used with that sense of its serving an infinite force, an undying influence in life—the attainment of justice.

We are only partly right, though it represents a great American ideal, when we say that ours is a Government of laws and not of men. For that ideal itself would fail unless it be a government of laws, good laws, administered by righteous men. Something like this was perhaps in the mind of Cicero, when he said:

> True law is right reason, consonant with nature, everlasting and unchanging. It does not differ for Rome or for Athens, but one law shall be for all times and all people. We cannot repeal that law; we cannot be relieved by any legislature of the obligations which it imposes, and we do not need to look outside ourselves for the true expounder of it.

Another pillar in the structure of faith is one's belief about man himself. When the prophet spoke of man as of "few days and full of trouble, like a flower he is cut down," he was speaking gloomily of death, which is only one aspect of life, and one has but to turn a few pages to come upon an equally authentic view, that of the psalmist who said, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honor," and then a thought that has thrilling implications for the philosophy of free government, "Thou madest him to have dominion." This high opinion of man's capacity for self-government is the basis of our institutions in the West. It finds expression in the Declaration of Independence whose author believed in the spiritual origin of our rights and liberties. Here are the moral bonds that unite us. "We hold these truths," said Jefferson—and "we" means all—not the Jeffersonians but the Hamiltonians as well, not the Virginians but the New Englanders and all colonists as well. We, the people of a free land, have built upon the foundations of faith.

Here, Mr. Speaker, is an American doctrine worthy of perpetuation. It follows that if we think sound thoughts about man, viewing him as God's creation, we will think soundly about his human society. The good life is devoted to putting

moral content into political institutions. It is the one thing that the forces of materialism cannot conquer. The blandishments of those who think only in terms of power will be unavailing against a good man. This was the thought of Ernest Hocking when he said:

> It is only a religious faith reaching the ultimate solitudes of the soul, for which our pleasing amiabilities are but husks, that can create the unpurchasable man, and it is only man, unpurchasable by any society, that can create the sound society.

For fullest consolation in the loss of these friends we reach out eagerly for the hope that is found in the writings of great men of the past. For what men think of death is also distinguishing. They have told us in ways that vary with the moods in which they wrote what they believed death to be like, and they have helped us. For whatever our fears, we, too, believe it is but an interlude, a temporary separation. We like to think of it as the gateway to a larger life. It is, as the poet said, "but the velvet footstep of the Father himself. His voice so low and His step so soft, that we cannot see or hear Him."

When death comes to a colleague and grief spreads through our ranks, we feel as Douglas Malloch did when his friend, Emerson Hough, passed away—

> To all eternity he binds us.
> He links the planet and the star,
> He rides ahead, the trail he finds us,
> And where he is and where we are will never seem again so far.

It is difficult, Mr. Speaker, to find something new to say. It is hardly worth the struggle. We can draw upon these great resources of the past, and without apology I offer them today. Even the great Robert Ingersoll, almost afraid to grasp the hope of a reunion with his loved ones and so intellectually honest that he never avowed a strong faith, voiced a beautiful aspiration when he said, "in the night of death, hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of an angel's wing."

I hope, therefore, Mr. Speaker, in the songs that are sung and the things that are said, and in the rich thought of mighty minds repeated we may renew our belief that God has planned a greater destiny for us.

The gentleman from Virginia [Mr. Smith] said, when Judge BLAND went away, that he believed the arduous duties of the war had shortened his life. I am not sure but that that is not rather typical and that it is fair to say, without exalting ourselves nor stressing the importance of our position, that the hazards of legislative service are indeed great. I am sure of this—that since we live in one of the most difficult periods of human history, I dare say that other dangers are ahead.

Therefore, in closing let me repeat the lines that a British sergeant wrote in the midst of his peril during the Second World War:

Almighty and All Present Power,
Brief is the prayer I make of Thee.
I do not ask, in battle hour,
For any shield to cover me.

The vast unalterable way,
From which the stars do not depart,
May not be turned aside to stay
The bullet flying toward my heart.

I ask no power to strike the foe,
I seek no petty victory here.
The enemy I hate, I know
To God is also dear.

But this I ask; be at my side
When death is flying through the sky.
Almighty God, who also died,
Teach me the way that I should die.

We thank God for these good men. It is the finest epitaph that could be written, and it has been said of each, "He was a good man."

Therefore, Mr. Speaker, it was not in the buildings they erected nor their legislative achievements, but in their beliefs,

their loyalties, their convictions, the hopes they raised, the fears they dispelled, and the sound beliefs which they strengthened, that they built their greatest monument.

Master Sgt. Glenn Darwin, United States Air Force, sang Bless This House, by Brahe; and Recessional, by De Koven.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Connecticut [Mr. Lodge].

Hon. JOHN DAVIS LODGE, a Representative from the State of Connecticut, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. JOHN DAVIS LODGE

Mr. LODGE. Mr. Speaker, it is altogether fitting that we should pause amid the din and dust of our daily existence to pay our respects to those Members of Congress who have recently been gathered to their fathers. Since we assembled in this Chamber on a similar occasion a year ago two Senators and five Representatives have crossed the bar. We are met to commemorate their passing. We are convened to mourn their absence from these halls. But our meeting here has, it seems to me, a significance beyond the natural sadness which we feel at the irremediable departure of these friends. For just as theirs were lives of service so must we on this occasion resolve to continue in that service with resourcefulness, with imagination, and with courage. Only in that way can we justify their peacetime sacrifice and the wartime sacrifice of so many others.

I call the roll:

Senator BERT HENRY MILLER, Idaho.

Senator CLYDE MARTIN REED, Kansas.

Representative RICHARD JOSEPH WELCH, California.

Representative GEORGE JOSEPH BATES, Massachusetts.

Representative MARTIN GORSKI, Illinois.

Representative SCHUYLER OTIS BLAND, Virginia.

Representative RALPH EDWIN CHURCH, Illinois.

These are the men whose lives and whose work we eulogize today. These colleagues of ours made an indelible imprint upon the legislative history of their time.

This moving occasion should, I am convinced, be one not merely of commemoration but rather of rededication to the timeless truths for which they worked and struggled and died. Ours is the torch and we must carry on. Our constructive action is the noblest monument which we can erect in their memory.

Joined with us here today are the friends and relatives of the men who in recent months have made the great discovery. We stretch out our hands to them in friendly remembrance. We open our hearts to them with understanding and with compassion.

This is an occasion of dignity and tenderness in which the memory of these upright and devoted public servants lingers like a perfume on a summer breeze. It is a time for poignant recollection.

This memorial service is an apt tribute. It is most appropriately a permanent part of the report of the activities of the Congress. It testifies to the lasting place which they will occupy in the minds and hearts of those who loved them and knew them. It is a confession of our regard for their accomplishments and of our respect for their memory.

As we meet many of us can recall with nostalgic vividness the idiosyncracies, the indefinable charms and gestures of each of these men. Their personalities return to us with touching clarity. We who serve in the Congress are bound together by a common experience irrespective of party. All of us have been through gruelling campaigns. We, their colleagues, know that in the Congress no one can dissemble for very long. A Member who gains influence and distinction does so because of his intrinsic worth. He does so by virtue of his character and ability. The vital opportunities for useful employment and effort which we regard as involving

the essential welfare of the American people exist in these halls in terms of service to mankind. And while we have violent differences of opinion and sometimes harsh words are spoken there is a basic sense of fellowship which suffuses all our doings and which in times of common stress and strain unite us in friendship.

We grieve. But we do not grieve for these men who now are a part of the mysterious immensities which circumscribe our lives. We grieve because we shall miss them. We shall miss these friendly associations. We shall miss their vigorous participation in the work of the Congress.

Yet, this is no time to strain with desperate longing against the chasm which seems insuperably to separate us from them. We, too, are a fateful part of the events which have carried them beyond our pale. We cannot stem the rush of the resistless hours. The days of our years are numbered. Some day we shall join them. We, the living, are a part of their infinity. Let us therefore not beat our breasts in helpless anguish but rather leave our spirits bare to feel the truth they cannot understand.

We are living in urgent times, times in which men search their hearts and minds for at least a few answers to the great and grievous problems with which we are beset. These are, indeed, times which try men's souls. The first half of the twentieth century has been critical, difficult, full of change. Man is passing through a great Gethsemane of moral readjustments to the machine which he has created. Those to whom we pay tribute today have gone from this worldly tempest of doubt and indecision into the soothing calmness and serenity of that long lagoon to which there is no ending. They have served their fellow man. Their day on earth is done. They have been tried and not found wanting. They have gone to their just reward. They live in the enduring quality of their achievements and in the fond recollections of those who knew and loved them. We remain.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms and unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings—we decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.
He hath outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure.

In sober truth we are not secure save in our unassailable faith that liberty is an imperishable truth. Had Patrick Henry said "Give me security or give me death" we would not know his name today. Liberty. It is for this that we must persevere, that we must live our lives. It is for freedom that we must live and be prepared to die. We must reject the arid atheism with which sinister tyrants are attempting to undermine our institutions, to sabotage our freedom, to corrupt our youth, to dissipate our convictions and to deprive both life and death of their meaning. These godless doctrines point the way to dishonor and despair.

We who are destined to remain for a while in our earthly harness must take counsel of our faith rather than of our fears. In the words of Winston Churchill:

> We must be prepared for further efforts of mind and body and further sacrifices to great causes if we are not to fall back into the confusion of aim, the rut of inertia, and the craven fear of being great.

Each of us must do his allotted task in an effort to meet successfully the grim and somber challenge which is crowding down upon us from every corner of the globe. Then when we shall be called to join our dear departed colleagues it shall be said of us, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Life's diverse inceptions, birth and death, are beyond the comprehension of man. Just as nature abhors a vacuum, so man abhors the word death. Our hearts grow numb as we contemplate the wide harmonic silences of death. There are no words because there is essentially no end. But there is faith. Faith in an indissoluble identity, faith in our own infinity. This meeting of commemoration and of rededication is also one of celebration. We meet to celebrate the soul. Those with whose spirits we commune today have met the dawn of an eternal sun. Our task here is to assure the soul's advance. Plato said "Time is the moving image of eternity." Eternity is now. The time of revelation is now. We are the trustees, the repositories of all the innumerable yesterdays of time. We are the harbingers of onward latent long millenniums. We can take heart from the sure knowledge that our opportunities for useful service, for dynamic leadership are equal to our grave responsibilities.

The challenge which faces us who have chosen public service as our mission is essentially the same challenge which has always faced the people's representatives. It is, in its basic elements, the challenge which faces the people of America. We bring that challenge into sharp focus. We must have vision for "where there is no vision the people perish."

This age-old challenge has been given a wonderful clarity and an exciting substance by the turbulent events of the last few decades. We know "deep down in that dumb region of the heart in which we dwell alone" that we cannot meet this challenge merely with procedural devices and man-made machinery. There must be the massive motive power of a moral force. Even the atom bomb will move to the measure of men's thoughts. We shall be hoist with our own delinquency if in this spiritual emergency we rely solely on our material prowess. The dialectical materialism of the brutal Communist dogma cannot be combated solely with plans and agreements, equipment and things. Our mate-

rial world will crash in splinters around us unless it has some lofty thoughts to hold it up.

Let us then rededicate ourselves to the sublime truths on which our great Nation was founded and forsake the base and mutable alloy which tempts us to seek refuge in vulgar expediencies, trivial pastimes, and ineffectual felicities. Let us be resolute and meet this onslaught of barbarism as our colleagues have met the challenge of the sunrise. Only in this way can we really escape "the tyranny of time, and brief content of all achievement and prosperity." Let us resolve "to illustrate in thought and word and deed, in life and death, the utmost that we are."

So shall this occasion serve to give us a true perspective of the battle in which we are inextricably engaged. So shall we get a clear and steady view of the one prize that is not counterfeit. So shall we transmit to our successors the soul's divine inheritance. So shall these solemn memorial exercises serve not only to punctuate with reverence and warm regard the end of these precious lives but especially to ignite in the living a vibrant determination that this trembling hour shall be the touchstone for future accomplishments and progressions. So shall we at long last achieve a peace based on freedom, virtue, and reason.

> Well may we know it lies before us still,
> Who are the Pilgrims, as it stretched for them
> Whose pilgrimage is done; the self-same road,
> Hazardous, hard, unknown, which leads afar,
> Thro' lusts and lies, thro' laws and governments,
> Thro' all substantial things and sensible forms.
> And well for us if we may find it out,
> And walk thereon our spiritual way
> Forward to real achievements and progressions—
> Pilgrims, as once they were, in high resolve
> Launched on the Pilgrimage that once was theirs.

Master Sgt. Arthur Will sounded taps, the echo being sounded by Staff Sgt. Carl Costenbader.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift upon you His countenance and give you peace.

Amen.

The SPEAKER. Pursuant to the provisions of House Resolution 521, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Chair declares the House adjourned until 11 o'clock a. m. tomorrow.

Thereupon (at 1 o'clock and 8 minutes p. m.), under its previous order, the House adjourned until tomorrow, Thursday, May 18, 1950, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Memorial Addresses
on
Richard Joseph Welch

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Havenner
Of California

Mr. HAVENNER. Mr. Speaker, I have been asked by the majority leader of this House, the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. McCormack], to present for inclusion in the Congressional Record some very beautiful verses written by Mr. Horace C. Carlisle, of Whippany, N. J., and dedicated to the memory of our late colleague, Hon. RICHARD J. WELCH, of California:

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.—Psalms 25: 10.

CONGRESSMAN RICHARD J. WELCH

The Honorable RICHARD J. WELCH has passed on,
To reap his most richly deserved reward,
Into the fair land of perpetual dawn,
Where all things together work in sweet accord.
The life that he lived upon earth fitted him
For citizenship with the angels above,
Where love never dies and where lights never dim,
In heaven's sweet city of brotherly love.

The Honorable RICHARD J. WELCH had no foes,
But every acquaintance of his was his friend,
And all those who knew him, down to his life's close,
Loved him, for on him they could always depend.
With all his great heart, to his church and his State,
And his friends and neighbors, he ever proved true—
He lived by the Golden Rule—this made him great—
"To others do as ye'd have them do to you."

The Honorable RICHARD J. WELCH loved to live
In these days of struggle, of strain, and of strife—
The best that he had he was happy to give
That others might reach their objectives in life.
He's gone from the earth, but he will ever be
Revered by his friends till they're gone, every one—
He's laid by his tasks and his labors, that he
May be recompensed for the good he has done.

—*Horace C. Carlisle.*

Mr. HAVENNER. Mr. Speaker, under unanimous consent I include in the Congressional Record the following tribute to our late colleague, Congressman RICHARD J. WELCH, of California, which was published in the California Farm Reporter of October 1949:

SOLDIERS OF THE COMMON GOOD

RICHARD J. WELCH, FEBRUARY 13, 1869—SEPTEMBER 10, 1949

Farm-born, Congressman RICHARD J. WELCH never forgot what it meant to wrest a living from the soil. By trade he was first an iron molder, then a machinist. Throughout his long political career he used public office to better conditions of industrial workers, as well as farmers.

The following, "An Appreciation," was written by Herbert C. Jones, vice president, American River Development League, San Jose.

"RICHARD J. WELCH, Congressman, Fifth District, California, increased popular respect for public office. He held the confidence of his constituents for nearly half a century. In the State senate, on the San Francisco Board of Supervisors and in Congress he strove for advancement of the public interest.

"In Congress he was in the forefront of the struggle to conserve our timber, oil, natural gas, and water, to develop electric power and to use that power to help make irrigation water cheap enough for the farmers who desperately needed it. As chairman of the House Committee on Public Lands, he threw his full strength behind the comprehensive development of the Central Valley and for development of the water and public power at Folsom Dam.

"A far-sighted statesman, he realized that these great natural resources had to be conserved and developed if future generations were to grow and prosper.

"His influence, his power, his vision, grew with each passing year of service."

Remarks by Representative McDonough

Of California

Mr. McDONOUGH. Mr. Speaker, the passing of DICK WELCH is a great loss to the Congress and to the great State of California, to which he was so loyal and which he loved so well.

I recall when I first came to the House of Representatives as a Member of the Seventy-ninth Congress how warm and friendly was the greeting I received from DICK WELCH, who was then the dean of the California congressional delegation. How willing he was to counsel and advise me as a new Member from his long experience as a Member of the House of Representatives for more than 20 years.

He was devoted to the problems of the men and women who work hard for a living. He was a vigorous advocate of the development of the national resources of the Nation and especially in California.

He had intimate knowledge of local problems having served as a Senator in the California Senate and as a member of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors. He fought long, hard, and successfully for the construction of the great Bay Bridge at San Francisco and for the full development of the California Central Valley project.

We will miss DICK WELCH from the Halls of Congress. He leaves us with a great record of public service to his credit and one that his successor will find it difficult to equal or maintain.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

TUESDAY, *September 13, 1949.*

Mr. SHEPPARD. Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution (H. Res. 357) and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. RICHARD J. WELCH, a Representative from the State of California.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the arrangements for the funeral and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. SHEPPARD. Mr. Speaker, I move that, as a further mark of respect of the memories of the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 5 minutes p. m.), pursuant to House Resolution 345, the House adjourned until Friday, September 16, 1949, at 12 o'clock noon.

THURSDAY, *September 22, 1949.*

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from California [Mr. Sheppard].

Mr. SHEPPARD. Mr. Speaker, I wish to pay tribute to a great Californian, and a great American, RICHARD J. WELCH, who died in Needles, Calif., on September 10.

DICK WELCH served 48 years as an elected public servant, and during those years he contributed greatly to the development of the West and California. He was a friend, even though of a different political faith. A Republican, he was a friend of labor, the Government worker, and was a strong advocate of improvement in life for all Americans. He was a friend of public power, good roads, better living facilities, the farmer, and the humblest workingman.

DICK WELCH was born in New York State on February 13, 1869. At the early age of 15, he went to California and worked first on a farm near Freeport, and then at the old Union Iron Works as an iron molder in San Francisco. He trained himself to be an expert machinist, and in 1900 he was named deputy county clerk of the city and county of San Francisco.

DICK WELCH was a constructive man, and his record in the State senate from 1901 until 1913 is replete of his accomplishments to improve working conditions and opportunities for business and working men. While he was a State senator, he also served from 1903 to 1906 as chief wharfinger of San Francisco, and in 1916 he was elected to the board of supervisors and came to Congress in 1926. Today there are only 20 Members of the House of Representatives who were here when DICK WELCH entered the House. Eight of them are of his party, the Republican Party.

From early boyhood to the day he died while en route to Kingman, Ariz., to meet with the Public Lands Subcommittee studying irrigation and reclamation projects of the Colorado River Basin, DICK WELCH was known as a hard worker. For the San Francisco Bay area he accomplished many things. He was the sponsor of the Golden Gate Bridge and is known as the father of that great structure. It was he who introduced the legislation in the board of supervisors which eventually led to its construction. He served as a member of the board of directors of the bridge from its formation in 1928 until he died. DICK WELCH brought many

major military and civilian installations to the San Francisco Bay area. He backed the Sunnyvale Air Base in Santa Clara County and was primarily responsible for the establishment of the naval shipyard at Hunters Point. He pointed out the availability of the area which now forms the air force base at Hamilton base in Marin County. He initiated the move for the Federal Office Building at the civic center. He backed the establishment of the marine hospital and the veterans' hospital at Fort Miley.

In the early days of his career in Congress, DICK WELCH was largely credited with having brought about the first increase in pay of poorly paid Government workers. At one time he served as chairman of the House Labor Committee, and during the Eightieth Congress he was chairman of the Public Lands Committee.

He broke with his party on various occasions. He voted against the Taft-Hartley Act, but he was conscientious in his beliefs and was known as a liberal Republican. Oftentimes he called himself a radical Republican. When he was in the State senate, he sponsored a constitutional amendment which provided for workmen's compensation and laws requiring safety measures in construction projects. He also sponsored the 8-hour law for women and children who were employed. During his career, he used his influence which resulted in the development of shipbuilding on the west coast, particularly in the San Francisco area. As a San Francisco city supervisor, he initiated the plans for the Skyline and Bayshore Highways. He also sponsored legislation which deepened and widened San Francisco's harbor approaches to make it a great seaport.

As a Representative of San Francisco's Fifth Congressional District for 23 years, DICK WELCH established a record seldom equaled by any individual Member of this great body. He not only served as a Republican member of the House Public Lands Committee, but also on the Labor and Merchant Marine Committees, and in the last few years he con-

centrated much of his energy on the development of the Central Valley reclamation project and other reclamation, irrigation, and Indian problems of the western slope of the Rockies.

DICK WELCH was a quiet, gentlemanly person in all of his dealings with his colleagues and his associates. He was a kindly man, a persuasive man, and he was of firm convictions on the issues of the day. He differed with individuals, but there was no rancor. I admired him greatly although at times we did not see eye to eye on various issues. He was a progressive individual in that he foresaw the needs of the Western States, particularly California. He foresaw the things needed for the great development which has made California come forward so fast in the past two scores of years as a home for millions of Americans.

I am proud to have been associated with DICK WELCH. All my sympathy goes to his widow, Sarah, and his son, Garrett.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. SHEPPARD. I yield.

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I join with the gentleman from California in his eulogy of a beloved colleague who has now passed to the Great Beyond. DICK WELCH came to Congress the same year as I did. Throughout the years it has been my privilege to enjoy his friendship and esteem. He was a man of good ability and devoted to serving his day and generation. Born in the East he went to the West at an early age and became a great champion of that section of the country. In a large way, through his efforts and diligent service, the State of California was tremendously aided. DICK WELCH was a splendid legislator, a man of high character and ability. Our country can ill afford the loss of men of his devotion to the public

welfare. To his good wife and family goes our sincere sympathy in their hour of bereavement.

Mr. Speaker, with the kind indulgence of the gentleman from California [Mr. Sheppard] I should like to ask unanimous consent that all Members may extend their remarks at this point in the Record on the passing of our beloved colleague.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Massachusetts?

There was no objection.

Mr. RAYBURN. Mr. Speaker, in the passing of DICK WELCH a real character has gone. No labels fit him because he was just DICK WELCH.

It is distressing to me that I shall not see him again. His friendship was an enriching treasure—generous, friendly, and good was he—his like comes this way too infrequently. With his loved ones I shall miss him always.

Mr. MICHENER. Mr. Speaker, like the other Members of the House, I was shocked and grieved the other morning to read in the national press of the passing of our distinguished, likable, and industrious colleague, DICK WELCH. I was serving in the House when Mr. WELCH entered the Congress. We lived at the same apartment hotel for a number of years and it was my privilege to become well acquainted with DICK WELCH'S splendid wife and family, and I know how much he will be missed by them.

This is a better country because DICK WELCH lived in it. His interest was always in the underdog and in the common man. He always thought in prospect rather than in retrospect. He was a leader of organized labor of the earlier vintage. He was ever proud of the union as he conceived it and was ever ready to advocate and defend the legitimate objectives of trade unionism. He was not a radical. He called himself a Progressive Republican. If more labor lead-

ers entertained DICK WELCH's concept of the functions and purposes of organized labor, the rank and file union member would be the beneficiary, and the country would be better off. DICK WELCH was conscientious in his work, and his place as a Representative from California will be difficult to fill.

Mr. LEMKE. Mr. Speaker, I, too, wish to pay tribute to our departed friend, Mr. WELCH. It is needless to say that I was shocked as I still vividly remember a conversation I had with him the day before he left for his home. In his passing California lost one of its ablest sons. Mr. WELCH was a coworker and battler with Hiram Johnson. It was the battle for the common man. Throughout the years that I had known Mr. WELCH I considered him one of America's great. I know that San Francisco, the State of California, and the Nation is a better place to live in for his having been.

I know what his loss means to his wife and family, but there is this consolation that the Nation shares the loss with them.

Mr. BARRETT of Wyoming. Mr. Speaker, I was astounded to learn of the sudden death of our esteemed colleague, Hon. RICHARD J. WELCH, of California. During the Eightieth Congress, DICK WELCH, as he was familiarly known, served as chairman of our Committee on Public Lands. It was an honor to be associated with him. He had a long and distinguished record in the Congress. California and the Nation will miss him in the years that lie ahead. He was loyal to his friends and steadfast to his principles. I join my colleagues here today in extending my sincere sympathy to his family and to the people of his State.

Mr. DOYLE. Mr. Speaker and my colleagues, I shall always appreciate the fact that our former colleague, affectionately known as DICK WELCH, from my native State of

California, personally came to me on the very first day of the convening of the Seventy-ninth Congress and greeted me most cordially and helpfully. He explained that he had known my own father in the early days of San Francisco and that he had regarded him most highly and was glad that I, the son of his friend, Thomas Doyle, now deceased, was in Congress with him.

And then he proceeded to tactfully and graciously make some suggestions which I soon found to be of utmost value to me as a freshman in Congress. All through the Seventy-ninth Congress my friend, DICK WELCH, was increasingly a real friend and counselor.

Many times during these months of the Eighty-first Congress he would stop me in the hall or come from the Republican side of the House to the Democratic side to greet me and wish me well. And then I had the benefit of serving on the subcommittee of the West Coast Congressional Delegation on Shipbuilding, of which he was the chairman. I remember how, in preparation for a conference at the White House, this distinguished leader of men and legislator of indestructible integrity, gave me the benefit of his long experience and sent to my office copies of reports and hearings of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, in order that I might familiarize myself with the historical background relating to the important subject matter with which I was charged as a member of the committee.

Death could have no sting for a gentleman of his earthly service and heavenly rewards. He passed out the bouquets to his colleagues and fellow men while they could smell the fragrance of each blossom in the tributes which he daily gave to us as we were privileged to associate with him. I am confident that his seat in heavenly abode is studded with pearls of precious wisdom and sincere friendship, and hard, honest public service rendered with unselfish integrity.

Mr. ROONEY. Mr. Speaker, I was indeed shocked a few weeks ago over the sudden passing of our beloved colleague, the late Congressman RICHARD J. WELCH, of California.

Congressman WELCH served with great distinction continuously in this House from August 31, 1926, to the time of his death on September 10, 1949. For many years he played an important role in championing the cause of the laboring men and was a recognized leader in the field of labor legislation.

The sincerity of his convictions and the spirit with which he gave his best to every cause that he espoused will long be remembered by this body. He was an elder statesman whose splendid example and advice we cherished. DICK WELCH was tolerant and sympathetic and always conscious of his duties and responsibilities as a national legislator. He was one of those fine upstanding citizens who always stand foursquare for honesty and justice.

I enjoyed DICK WELCH'S friendship and have been inspired by his enthusiasm and sincerity. He always treated me with the greatest kindness. A few years ago when I was on the west coast with the Interior Department subcommittee of the House Committee on Appropriations I had the pleasure of spending some time with him in his home city, San Francisco.

To his good wife and family I extend my deepest sympathy. I am sure that a kind, compassionate providence will comfort them in their great sorrow, positive that the angels have by now led him into paradise.

Mr. WHITE of California. Mr. Speaker, many glowing tributes have been paid to the memory of RICHARD WELCH, and I want to pay my respects to one who was a great and good friend. I could talk long about the accomplishments of DICK WELCH, but this story is now well known in the Congress and among the people he served.

Some men have courage, but lack honesty; while others have honesty, but lack courage. DICK WELCH was both hon-

est and courageous. Although he was a Republican, and I am a Democrat, I had the greatest respect and admiration for him, because he always looked out for the interests of his people.

No more need be said to enshrine the memory of DICK WELCH in the hearts of those who followed his public career than that he served his people well.

Mr. BLAND. Mr. Speaker, I could not be present at the time when there was announced the untimely and lamented departure of my friend, RICHARD J. WELCH, with whom for many years, I served in this House. DICK, as I called him, was a diligent public servant, faithful to every trust, and devoted to the public good. He always sought the measure which best advanced the State and Nation. He considered the public interest at all times above every other contingency.

I served with DICK WELCH as a member of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. For many of those years while I served as chairman, he served as the ranking minority member. Consequently, I was with him in many of those years when we considered the Merchant Marine Act, Coast Guard legislation, radio legislation, Ship Sales Act, and other matters coming under the jurisdiction of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. DICK was experienced in the subjects of the committee's legislation and he was an invaluable assistant in the work which we were called upon to enact. I called on him freely and, as he was informed on the subjects of our legislation, he helped to guide us in drafting the legislation which we needed. He never tried to play partisan politics and the sole question with him always was the best way in which he could serve the public. DICK WELCH contributed very greatly to the building up of a merchant marine and to the strengthening of our Coast Guard. I loved him as a brother and that love continued to the day of his death. One of the greatest regrets that I had to the plan of reorganization of the committees in Congress was the loss of DICK in the work of the

committee of which I was chairman. When I was in doubt about any matter, I knew that I could rely upon DICK to give me his best judgment and I always found his judgment to be sound.

I cannot in the scope of this speech convey my love, admiration, and friendship for this great soul. I shall be content when my labors here are over, and I shall have left this Chamber, if it can be truthfully said of me, as I now say of DICK WELCH, that his sole thought was the public good, that he lived to do good and to help his fellow man. DICK is gone, but his works still live, and he will be remembered as one who was never content to follow popular opinion and acclaim, but instead he was one who tried to leave his world better than he found it. He did, and I know that in the Happy Land to which all of us hope someday to go, where virtue is rewarded, DICK has found his reward. Old friend, God bless you, and may your rest be sweet. You are another link that binds me to the land beyond the skies, and where I hope that those of us now serving here may meet in the days when our labors here are over.

DICK WELCH had the "upward look." I feel that if an occasion had arisen similar to that in Stamford, Conn., when there came a day of impenetrable darkness, while the legislature was in session and when the people were alarmed and the impression prevailed that the judgment day was here, DICK would have endorsed most enthusiastically the words of the rugged old Puritan named Davenport, who rose to speak and said:

> Mr. Speaker, if the judgment day is about to dawn, I wish to be found at my post of duty. I move that candles be brought in and the legislature continue in session.

It was in that spirit that his last hours were passed, for even as the death angel hovered over DICK, he was discharging his duties, working for his State and Nation and serving his fellow man and his God.

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. SHEPPARD. I yield.

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, probably no man in the House of Representatives was more intimately associated with DICK WELCH during his term of service in this body than I was.

We fought side by side the long battles for public power, and I came to know him and to appreciate him as one of America's great outstanding individuals and statesmen.

It brought more pain and sorrow to me than I can possibly express when I learned of his untimely passing away.

I always associate him with the Golden Gate near which he lived, and through which his blessed spirit probably passed, to another radiant Easter beyond the gates of night.

May the rolling of the mighty deep
  Whose billows round him play,
Bear him to some sacred place,
  Some haven far away,
Where the weary soul may find
  The bliss for which it sighs;
Where sorrow never lives
  And friendship never dies.

Mr. PETERSON. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. SHEPPARD. I yield.

Mr. PETERSON. Mr. Speaker, I join with my colleagues in extending sympathy to the family of our late colleague, DICK WELCH. I am deeply grieved at his passing. It was my privilege to have served with him both on the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, and on the Public Lands Committee at times when he was chairman of the committee and also when he was ranking member of the committee. He was a pleasant man to deal with. He was kindly and considerate. He was a hard-working man. I have for him a deep and keen affection. He was a fine public servant. He will be missed by those of us who knew him. The Nation joins us in grief at his passing, because of the great services that he rendered to the Nation and particularly to the great West.

His public service and his personal friendship will be long remembered by those with whom he came in contact.

He actually died in service. At the time of his death he was en route to join a subcommittee which was studying some important public-land problems. He took a keen interest in the various matters coming before the committee and the House, and was always willing to render service when requested. His passing causes grief and loneliness, but those who loved him can take pride in his character, his life, and his fine service.

Mr. SHEPPARD. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the distinguished gentleman from Vermont [Mr. Plumley].

Mr. PLUMLEY. Mr. Speaker, I shall never forget the day when I met DICK WELCH and Al Carter following a meeting of the Subcommittee on Appropriations for the Navy, at which meeting the committee had turned down the project for the construction of the Alameda base, and I had so voted.

Was it not Kipling who said:

Oh, east is east, and west is west, and never the twain shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat;
But there is neither east nor west, border nor breed nor birth
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

Kipling or anybody else to the contrary, anyway, these two Californians, Carter and WELCH, certainly went to town and took a Vermont eastern Yankee for a very definite ride. They made it very positively clear to me that I had mistakenly voted against the Alameda project.

So later, convinced by them as to my error, I voted in subcommittee to reconsider the action which had been taken. Alameda became a project and eventually the base it is today. While my vote decided the issue, they were responsible for my voting as I did.

I never have regretted my vote for reconsideration. I have always held both Al Carter and DICK WELCH in highest regard for that they showed me the error of my way.

I think that in the enumeration of the consummation of projects in which DICK WELCH was interested, this Alameda base should be included, although it was not particularly his project. However, he joined, as he always did, with anybody who made any effort to advance the interests of the west coast.

The people of the San Francisco area owe a debt of gratitude they never can repay as they undertake to pay proper tribute of respect to the memory of one of California's great and most loyal sons. In all of this I join.

Mr. SHEPPARD. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the distinguished gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. McCormack].

Mr. McCORMACK. Mr. Speaker, I am deeply grieved in the recent death of my dear and valued friend, RICHARD J. WELCH, of California, or DICK WELCH, as we fondly called him.

While DICK WELCH has gone to his eternal sleep, his good deeds, his fine life, will always live. It is sad when any Member of the House dies, but it is particularly so when a Member like DICK WELCH passes on. To me he was the ideal gentleman; the perfect legislator. While DICK WELCH will no longer be with us, and no longer shall we see his familiar face, or meet him, the memory of our late beloved friend will always remain with us.

I have made reference to DICK WELCH being the ideal gentleman. He was kind, charitable, tolerant, and understanding. He possessed and exercised to the greatest degree possible those fine human attributes that constitute real and sincere nobility of character. He was a man of deep and abiding faith in God and in his fellow man.

During the years, Mrs. McCormack and I would see DICK and Mrs. Welch attending and participating in the celebration of the holy mass in St. Patrick's Church in Washington. The world of today would be a much better and happier one to live in if it had more persons like DICK WELCH.

I have also made reference to my dear friend as the perfect legislator. How often during his years of service in this body has he presented evidence of his devotion to his people, of his devotion to the backbone of America—the average person. His knowledge of our Government and its fundamentals, what it stands for, its duties and responsibilities, and of legislation, was profound. His courage was outstanding. He always followed his conscience. He voted his convictions. He did not respond to the voice and pressure of those seeking special privileges at the expense of the people. He did not vote as political expediency dictated. He voted his honest judgment.

DICK WELCH was always found fighting for the best interests of the people. Not only labor, but agriculture, and particularly those interested in flood control, public power, irrigation and reclamation, and conservation of our soil will, as they should, always remember DICK WELCH and his able and courageous service in their behalf in this great and important legislative body.

DICK WELCH and I were very close to each other. His death is a personal loss to me. His death affects me very, very much. To state that I shall miss him expresses my thoughts and feelings inadequately and incompletely.

The people of his district might well feel proud of DICK WELCH and the manner in which he served them. I know there is profound sorrow in their minds and hearts in his death. They have repeatedly evidenced their affection for him and their confidence in him by nominating and electing him, both political parties giving him the nomination and election unanimously.

His death is a great loss to his State. It is an irreparable one to our Nation, the country he so intensely loved and served with such ability, courage, and devotion.

To Mrs. Welch, whom he leaves behind—and their love and devotion for each other was known by all, beautiful to see, and an example for all to follow—I extend my deep sympathy

in her great loss and sorrow, in which expression Mrs. McCormack joins with me.

Mrs. ROGERS of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. SHEPPARD. I yield.

Mrs. ROGERS of Massachusetts. I, too, had the privilege of entering Congress at the same time as DICK WELCH. He was very much beloved by everybody. He was a very courteous gentleman even when we were on opposite sides of a question. I remember one battle in which he won; he probably was right; I thought I was, but he was always friendly, courteous, and most considerate of others. The thing that remains with me in my mind today is the fact of his tireless work when probably he did not feel well in the last year, his tireless, indefatigable industry that he put into everything for his district, for those who needed his help, and for his people. I remember in particular one piece of legislation that would benefit a group in which he was greatly interested; the last thing he ever said to me was: "When is that bill coming out of committee?" He died fighting. Our deepest sympathy goes to his wife, his son, and other relatives.

Mr. SHEPPARD. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Lesinski].

Mr. LESINSKI. Mr. Speaker, my acquaintance with DICK WELCH dates from the Seventy-third Congress when he was the ranking Republican member on the Committee on Labor. DICK WELCH, first and above all, was for the under dog, and he has worked hard with us to bring about labor legislation and the minimum wage. Everything that has been said about DICK WELCH is fact. I hope that in the days to come the Members of the House and the members of the Committee on Labor will remember his work.

Mr. SHEPPARD. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from California [Mr. Allen].

Mr. ALLEN of California. Mr. Speaker, I wish to join in this tribute to our late colleague, DICK WELCH, and to express my sympathy to the family he leaves behind.

A few days ago in company with my colleagues, the gentleman from California [Mr. Miller], and the gentleman from Arizona [Mr. Murdock], I attended the funeral of DICK WELCH in San Francisco and witnessed the great honor that was shown to him by the people of his community, people from all walks of life, who came to St. Mary's Church to pay a final tribute. Officials from all branches of the Government in which he had served, local, State, and National, were present. It was a great tribute to a great Californian.

Mr. SHEPPARD. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Arizona [Mr. Murdock].

Mr. MURDOCK. Mr. Speaker, I wish to join with my colleagues in paying tribute to our deceased friend, the gentleman from California, Mr. WELCH. Let me say that as a true westerner he died in active service. He was on a field trip with a committee of which I was a member, and I reached the hospital in Needles, Calif., where he died, only a few hours after his passing. Never one to be daunted he had undertaken more than his body could stand, so he died while on duty. We have a western expression—it is not so elegant, but I think one meaning of it applies: "He died with his boots on" in the service of his State and country.

I particularly feel that he was a special friend of mine in that he was attempting to learn all that he could possibly learn about the complicated matters on the Colorado River in pending legislation that he might render a greater service to his country. That was his effort in these final days of his life.

I, too, attended his funeral services in St. Mary's; I, too, noticed the great honor in which he was held by a vast throng. I thought when the pastor took as his text in that service, The Bridge, and gave due credit to Congressman WELCH for

sponsoring the great structures that span the Golden Gate and the bay, before he became a Member of this body, that such credit and praise were well placed. Great was the throng and magnificent the services at St. Mary's, but such was not all the offering to him. The evening before, hundreds of his humble neighbors, the little people, came to comfort his family and to recall the many acts of kindness he had done for them through the years.

In the church as through the press, attention was drawn to the fact that he had a great part to play in the development of the Golden State before he came to the Halls of Congress. He had spent a half century building. Of course, the pastor said that Congressman WELCH had built a bridge, the bridge of his life. He laid great stress upon the metaphorical and spiritual meaning as well as the physical building for San Francisco.

It occurred to me, Mr. Speaker, that the finest tribute that could be paid to DICK WELCH was that he gave meaning to that text by his own life. We, in the West and the Nation, have lost heavily by the passing of this elder statesman.

Mr. SHEPPARD. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Nebraska [Mr. O'Sullivan].

Mr. O'SULLIVAN. Mr. Speaker, it was with the deepest regret that I learned that our beloved colleague, Congressman RICHARD J. WELCH, of San Francisco, Calif., has ceased to be an actor on life's great stage—had received his last cue and had passed on into the brilliancy of that greater stage whose footlights are the stars of heaven.

I extend to his immediate family and his relatives my sincere sympathy in this, their hour of great bereavement.

I became acquainted with Congressman WELCH on January 3 of this year and can truthfully say that he was the greatest Republican legislator I have ever known in my 66 years of living.

As a final tribute to my departed colleague and friend I repeat, with some revisions, what was said on a like occasion in this House of Representatives many years ago, on behalf of a dead colleague, by a man whose name I have forgotten:

I have seen by night the headlight of a giant locomotive rushing onward through the darkness heedless of danger and uncertainty, and I have thought that the spectacle was grand.

I have seen the lightning flash across the storm-swept sky until night and darkness and the shadow-haunted earth gleamed with noonday splendor, and I have thought that the spectacle was grand.

I have seen the sun come over the eastern hills in glory until leaf and tree and blade of grass sparkled like myriad diamonds in the morning ray, and I have known that the spectacle was grand.

But the grandest thing next to the radiance which flows from the Almighty's throne is the light of a noble and beautiful life shining in benediction upon the destinies of men and finding his home at last in the bosom of the everlasting God.

MONDAY, *September 26, 1949.*

Mr. HAVENNER. Mr. Speaker, although I was present when the House of Representatives adjourned on September 13 in respect to the memory of Representative RICHARD J. WELCH, whose death had occurred on September 10, the special rules adopted for the 3-day recess schedule then in effect made it impossible for me to address the House or extend my remarks in the Record. I therefore ask recognition at this time to pay a tribute to my late colleague and dear friend, whose sudden death has shocked all who knew him.

It was my privilege to be closely associated in Congress for nearly 10 years with DICK WELCH. The district which he represented so ably for more than two decades adjoins my own congressional district in the city of San Francisco. Before his election to Congress 23 years ago, he and I served

together as members of the Board of Supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco. So our association has been a long and close one, and I shall always treasure it as one of the finest experiences of my life. DICK WELCH honored me with his friendship and his confidence, and we consulted together on every problem of importance to our neighboring constituencies during all of our joint service in this House.

DICK WELCH had the rare quality of sound judgment, which made his advice invaluable to me, and enabled him to render outstanding service to the people who had elected him as their Representative in Congress for nearly a quarter of a century.

Mr. Speaker, a splendid story about the life work of RICHARD WELCH has been written by Miss Ruth Finney, Scripps-Howard correspondent for the San Francisco News. Unquestionably she followed his career in Congress more closely than any other person, except the members of his family, and her understanding and appreciative biography of this good public servant whom she knew so well is one of the finest tributes that any man could have.

The article referred to follows:

For a long time, Representative RICHARD J. WELCH had been carrying a powerful heart stimulant in his pocket as he went about his duties in the House of Representatives. He hadn't talked about it any more than he had talked about the fact of his advancing years. He had been born February 13, 1869. And he had had several operations in recent years, one of them serious.

But he was a fighting Congressman, and the older he grew, the harder he fought.

Many of his colleagues, reaching that age, were very old men, failing in mind and spirit, too tired to care much what went on.

That was not true of Congressman WELCH. His seniority and his experience were tools which he wielded skillfully in behalf of causes in which he believed, and the city which he loved.

Most men grow conservative as they grow older, lose patience with experiments, abandon their earlier fighting faiths. Again, that was not true of DICK WELCH. Some years ago he had thought seriously of retiring from the House, because he loved San Francisco so much, and hated to be away from it most of the year.

STAYED ON TO FIGHT

But he was too much interested in what became of Central Valley project, in whether public power would help pay out the irrigation costs; in whether San Francisco would get a new bay crossing with a chance to survive enemy attack or natural disaster. So he stayed on to fight for those things. No one else could have done the job so well, because he had the prestige in the House that comes only with long service and the friendships which open all the doors.

Mr. WELCH was born in New York State, but came to California when he was 16. He lived on a farm near Freeport, and never forgot what it was like to get a living from the soil.

In San Francisco, he learned to be an iron molder at the old Union Iron Works, and before he left that business, he was a full-fledged machinist. There was a strike and he went out with the others. He never forgot what it was like to be a workman, either.

ENTERED POLITICS

The next step took him into politics as deputy county clerk here, and in November 1900, he was elected to the State senate. In 1903 he became chief wharfinger for the harbor of San Francisco, a post he held for 4 years. He was wharfinger in 1906, through the earthquake and fire, and, in his official capacity, saw more of the terror and of what was done to meet it than most San Franciscans. The horrors of 1906 were at the root of his tenacious fight for a southern bay crossing—another way to get out of San Francisco if disaster should strike again.

In the State senate, Mr. WELCH was author of the constitutional amendment for workmen's compensation, and of that for inspection of weights and measures. He sponsored laws to provide an 8-hour day for women, pensions for widows and orphans, safety measures on construction projects.

Some years after his senate career, he ran for supervisor in San Francisco, and was elected. That was when he began thinking about a bridge across the Golden Gate, and when he organized the first steps for a skyline drive down the peninsula, and Bayshore Boulevard.

ELECTED TO CONGRESS

On August 31, 1926, he was elected to the House of Representatives to succeed Lawrence J. Flaherty, who had died in office. Like Mr. Flaherty, and John I. Nolan who had preceded him, Mr. WELCH asked for and got membership on the House Labor Committee. The first measure he sponsored in Congress raised the rates of pay for Federal workers, with emphasis on the charwomen and others in the lower-salary grades.

He stayed on the Labor Committee until he had climbed the legislative seniority ladder, and all the way through the Roosevelt administration he was ranking minority Member and heartily in favor of all the New Deal labor bills that came along.

In all his service, he never failed to cast a vote for measures that were intended to help workers.

DEMOCRATS ASKED HIS HELP

His stalwart championship of the laboring man's cause drew him into an unusual situation only a few months ago in the midst of Taft-Hartley law battles in the House. Administration leaders turned to Congressman WELCH, the Republican from San Francisco, for a rescue move when their own party couldn't help.

It was Congressman WELCH, at the special urging of Democratic leaders who rose to make the dramatic motion to recommit the Taft-Hartley Act to committee, the only move at that time that could spike a drive toward enactment of another labor law virtually equivalent to the Taft-Hartley. His move carried.

He could have been chairman of the House Labor Committee when the Republicans took over in the Eightieth Congress. He had the seniority for it, and he also had seniority to make him chairman of Merchant Marine and Fisheries, or of the House Public Lands Committee.

TAFT-HARTLEY ACT FOE

He chose the last of these three. He had no stomach for Republican plans for rewriting the Wagner National Labor Relations Act into what later became Taft-Hartley, and he wouldn't have been able to stop them, even as chairman of the committee. He had fought long and hard for shipbuilding on the Pacific coast and for prewar benefits to intercoastal and coastwise shipping. He was years ahead of President Truman in asking for Government steel plants. He wanted them built on the Pacific coast to help the shipbuilding industry there.

But when it came to choosing, DICK WELCH picked the Public Lands Committee because he thought it was most important, just then, to his city and his whole West.

He took on a fight, which lasted as long as he lived, to safeguard the West's resources from destruction and abuse, to conserve its scarce water supply, to develop its power, and to use that power in a way that would help make irrigation water cheap enough for the farmers who needed it so desperately in the valley.

LOVER OF FORESTS

When he talked about saving the West's great forests, he spoke of them with love: "I've seen the best of this country. I was just one generation behind the pioneers. I was able to see the West when it was beautifully wild, when you could go out and pitch a tent, and ride and fish, and there weren't a million automobiles all over everything. I never saw anything as beautiful in Europe."

And another time, about the redwoods:

"They were there when Moses was a baby in the bullrushes and when the Saviour was carrying His cross up Calvary Hill. But these historical facts have no appeal to those who are permitted to slash, slaughter, and destroy the remaining forests in this country."

He was speaking near the close of the Eightieth Congress, in what was to be his last utterance as chairman of Public Lands, and he made it a general plea for selective removal of trees and for reforestation; for more and more development of hydroelectric power to save the country's fast-vanishing oil supplies.

BLOCKED LUMBER INTERESTS

That was not the mood of the Eightieth, and they paid little attention to what the San Francisco Congressman was saying—a fact of which he reminded fellow Republicans after the West's 1948 swing into the Democratic column.

But because he was chairman of Public Lands in the Eightieth, he succeeded in stopping a great variety of measures that at the start of the Congress had seemed likely to pass. He blocked efforts to turn great groves of trees in Olympic National Park over to lumber interests for cutting.

He fought, every inch of the way, for 2 years, against an attempt to rewrite reclamation law in a way that would prevent use of the power interest component to help pay off irrigation water costs in the Central Valley and on other projects. No legislation to repeal the 160-acre clause had a chance in his committee. Nor any bills to give away grazing lands to the States or to private individuals. He fought every measure that proposed higher rates for power generated at public projects and every proposal for selling public power at the busbar.

He sponsored resolutions to explore great adventurous new projects for saving water in the West—a project to divert surplus waters of the Columbia as far south as Los Angeles; a project to dam the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers above Mare Island and create a great fresh-water lake there; a project to divert surplus waters everywhere west of the ninety-eighth meridian to the arid lands of Texas, Oklahoma, and other Southwestern States.

LEADER IN CVP FIGHT

After turning over the Public Lands Committee to a Democratic chairman, Representative WELCH was just as interested—and worked just as hard—for public power at Folsom Dam, for keeping power costs and irrigation water costs down. He helped organize the floor fight in the House that saved Central Valley's transmission line and steam plant when they were under attack by fellow Republicans.

San Francisco's bridges were very dear to DICK WELCH's heart. He was proud of the major part he had played in getting congressional approval for the Golden Gate Bridge, and as long as he lived he was a director of the bridge authority. He played a large part also in getting the Bay Bridge authorized and built. And he began well before World War II to work for the construction of a third crossing—this time a southern crossing to serve a different section of the bay region and to further safeguard its people in event of catastrophe. He had hoped to live long enough to see it built.

Only 21 Members of the House had served longer in Congress than DICK WELCH and only 9 of those were Republicans. He was the only man from the West to be honored with such long-continued endorsement from the voters of both parties. He was aware of this and grateful for it, and he never abused the trust.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

MONDAY, *September 12, 1949.*

Mr. KNOWLAND. Mr. President, it is with a great deal of sorrow and regret that I announce to the Senate the death of the dean of the California delegation in the House of Representatives, the Honorable RICHARD J. WELCH, who died in Needles, Calif., on Saturday.

Representative WELCH, Republican, of San Francisco, was a member of the California State Senate from 1901 to 1913, and a member of the Board of Supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco from 1916 to 1926. He was elected to the Sixty-ninth Congress to fill an unexpired term and elected to each Congress since that time.

Not only had Representative WELCH devoted many years to public service as an official in the city and county of San Francisco and the Legislature of California and in the Congress of the United States but he had been widely interested in civic affairs in his own State and city.

Mr. President, on behalf of my colleague the senior Senator from California [Mr. Downey] and myself, I send to the desk a resolution and ask unanimous consent for its immediate consideration.

There being no objection, the resolution (S. Res. 164) was read, considered, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. RICHARD J. WELCH, late a Representative from the State of California.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. LUCAS. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the late Representative WELCH, of California, I move that the Senate stand in recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 12 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until tomorrow, Tuesday, September 13, 1949, at 12 o'clock meridian.

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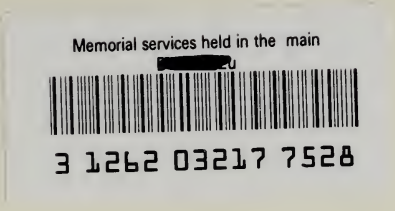

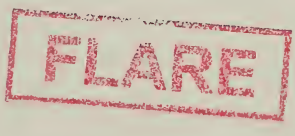

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